

WHEN you get ready to spend your Christmas money and want to spend it in the most sensible way, not only to get value for it, but to get things that are sure to please those who receive them, come to us and let us show you what we can do to help you.

My sale is still going on. You can get for \$1.00 what will cost you \$2.00 elsewhere. I am giving you the full advantage of the \$2,500 stock of Furnishings I bought in Cincinnati for 65 cents on the \$1.00.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Neckwear in rich New solid color and fancy design, worth 35 cents to 75 cents, go at..... **23c to 50c**

Suspenders Holiday effects, in all New Silk webs, nicely boxed, from..... **23c to 79c**
Police Heavy Suspenders, 25c for **19c**

Shirts—Many New Novelties, new colorings, from..... **42c to \$1.39**

Gloves—Men's Gauntlet Gloves, very warm and comfortable..... **49c to \$6**

Sox—Black Oxford, Tan, Wool Sox, 25c for..... **14c**
Children's Heavy Ribbed Hose, 25c for..... **12½c**

Coat-Sweaters—For Men and Boys, all colors, nicely made.

Kid Gloves—In every New and Popular Shade, lined and unlined.

Handkerchiefs—White, Hem-stitched and Bordered..... **4c**
Silk Initial Handkerchiefs for... **7½c**
Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, sold at 35c..... **16½c**

Fancy Vests—Holiday styles. New French Flannels, in stripe effects.

Umbrellas—Plain and Fancy Handles, from..... **98c to \$4.49**

Bath Robes from, **\$4.98 to \$5.98**

Smoking Jackets at **33½ Off.**

CLOTHING.

If you want to go in for more substantial things get him a

HART-SCHAFFNER & MARX

Fine Suit or Overcoat, price **\$12.00 to \$23.45**, sold at \$15 to \$30; or a Tuxedo Suit. You'll never get more money's worth, nor better clothes.

A few Odd Suits left, sizes 33 to 36, sold as high as \$18.50, now... **\$4.39**

Grey and Black Cravenettes, formerly \$12.50 to \$13.50, now... **\$9.98**

About 20 Odd Overcoats, Black, Brown and Oxford, none sold for less than \$10.00 now... **\$7.98**

SHOES.

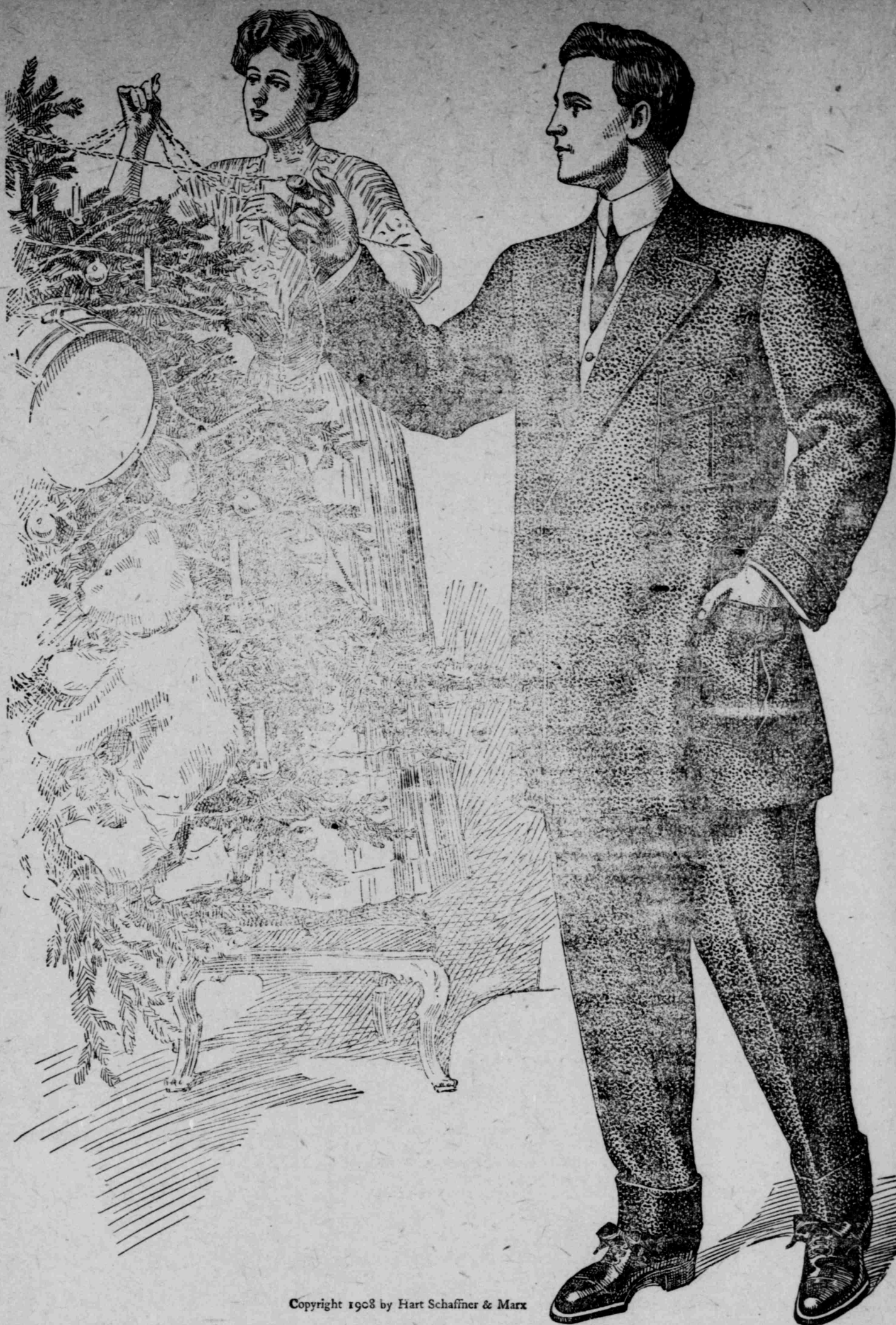
\$1.25 Rubber Shoes, now... **\$.98**
3.50 Rubber Boots, "..... **3.19**
4.50 Rubber Boots, "..... **3.69**
Crossett \$4.00 Shoes, "..... **3.50**
Crossett \$3.50 Shoes, "..... **3.00**
\$2.50 Box Calf Shoes, "..... **1.85**

Anything bought here may be exchanged at any time; if he doesn't like it, bring it back.

VIC BLOOMFIELD,

South Main Street, Opp. Court House, Winchester, Kentucky.

Notice The Plaut and Isaac stock is going fast. When that is exhausted this Special Sale will stop.



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Seeing Santa Claus

By LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

EARL (to Ruth)—Oh, I just wish we could see him.
Fred—See whom?
Ruth—Why, Santa Claus.
Earl and I have just been talking about him, and we were wishing we could get a peep at him once.
Gladys—Oh, I wouldn't like to!
Dorothy—Harry and I tried it last year. We came down and hid in the front hall, but papa found us and sent us to bed.
Fred (after thinking awhile)—I've thought of something. Santa Claus wouldn't come in if he should spy us, but if he thought we were not real children he might. Couldn't we fool



"SANTA WOULDN'T COME IN IF HE SHOULD SPY US."

him by making believe we were Mother Goose children right out of the book?
Dorothy—How could we do that?
Fred—We could dress like them and then stand perfectly still as if we were made of wax or something, just the way you do in a tableau, you know. He might think it was some kind of a show of wax figures.

Earl—Oh, my! I couldn't keep as still as that.
Harry—You could if you really wanted to see Santa Claus.
Earl—Oh, I will! I will! See me! (Poses.)
Gladys—Will we have to stand so very long?
Fred—Oh, not very, very long! We must all be ready before 12 o'clock. We must dress like Mother Goose children, and I'll fix you in your places. I'll be Boy Blue. We can find some dress-up clothes in the attic.
Harry—I think I'll be Jack Horner. I can have a pie.
Dorothy—I want to be Bopeep. A cane with a hook handle will do for a crook.
Gladys—May I be Miss Muffet?
Earl—What can Ruth and I be?
Fred—You might be Jack and Jill and carry a pail of water. An empty pail will do. Now let's be off and see what we can find. Then we'll go to bed, and I'll lie awake, and after papa and mamma go upstairs I'll call you, and we'll come down very softly.
(Exeunt.)

II.
(Children come tiptoeing in in costume, stockings in hand.)
Fred—Now, we'll hang our stockings first. (All hang them.) Then we'll get into place. Bopeep, you stand here. Hold your crook so. Miss Muffet, you must sit on this footstool, and you must be eating. Put your spoon to your lips, so. Jack Horner, get into that corner and hold up your thumb with the plum on it. Jack and Jill, stand over here and take the pail between you. I will stand here and hold my horn to my mouth, so. Now, we mustn't move our eyes. It's getting late. Now, all ready! (All pose.)
Ruth (after awhile)—Oh, dear! This pail is so heavy even if it is empty.
All—Sh!
Gladys (after awhile)—How my arm aches!
All—Sh!
(Earl yawns aloud.)
All—Sh!
Harry—My thumb is tired of standing up.
Dorothy—I'm—so—sleepy (yawning).
All—Sh!
(Jack Horner's hand drops, then his head. Bopeep drops crook and leans against wall. Jill lets go of pail and slides to floor. Jack soon does the same. Miss Muffet's head drops forward. Boy Blue's eyes close and horn falls. This rouses him for a moment, but his eyes soon close again, and he leans against the wall.)
Enter Santa Claus. (All fast asleep.)
Santa Claus—Ah! Well, well, well! Some of the children of my old friend,

Christmas on the Stage



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

The Order of Disgrace.
If a man lives in a way that disgraces his order, the only people concerned are the other members of his order. They, therefore, are the people who ought to bear the cost of saving their order from disgrace.—London Truth.

Are All But Means to an End.
All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Wood Beecher.

Mother Goose. But what are they doing here? (Walks about and looks at them closely.) Aha! I know these children. They're not Mother Goose's family. Aha! I see what they are up to. They're waiting to see me, and they don't want me to know them. But they can't fool this old fellow. Just as if he didn't know every child in the world. I've found children waiting for me many a time, but they always fall asleep and miss me. I'll fill the stockings, and won't they be surprised when they wake up and find they've missed me after all. (Fills stockings, then puts toy or candy into Miss Muffet's bowl and into Jack and Jill's pail.) Now I must be off. But I believe I'll try that horn of Boy Blue's once. (Blows and runs off, dropping horn near door. Children rouse up a little at sound, then fall back into former position.)

III.

Morning.—Fred (rousing)—Oh, I say! Wake up! What are you all asleep for?
Harry—Who's been asleep?
Dorothy (rubbing eyes)—Not I.
Gladys—I was—almost—asleep.
Earl (yawning)—Did—he—come?
Ruth (almost crying)—I was so sleepy. Did you all see him?
Others—Oh, no, no!
Fred—Well, I'm afraid we were all asleep. But I heard him. He blew on a big horn.
Harry and Dorothy—I heard him.
Gladys—And there's your horn, Fred, over by the door. He blew on that.
Ruth—See what's in our pail! (Holding it up.)
Gladys—And in my bowl!
Harry—And see the stockings!
All—Oh, oh, oh! (All run to get the stockings.)
Dorothy—Oh, why couldn't we have kept awake?
Fred—Well, we've missed him this time sure. But next year we'll try it again, and we'll all keep awake.
All—Yes, indeed, we will.

Hearty Old-Time Meal.
From Pepy's Diary: My wife had got ready a very fine dinner, viz: A dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets and two dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns and cheese.

Had a Cinch.

It is said that George Washington used to cut pie with his knife. But, then, he never had to run against a candidate who manicured his finger nails.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.



The Christmas Prayer

IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas
When there is lots of snow,
For then through my good shovel
Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas
When not a flake is seen,
For Christmas to the Irish
Is merry when it's green.
R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Children Set to Destroy Moths.
In the rural districts of Saxony children were given a free day from school last summer so that they might gather moths of a species destructive to trees, for which they were given a couple of cents for every 100 caught.

It Was All Within.

A practical joker carried an onion in his vest pocket to the depot when bidding farewell to a young lady, and took a bite now and then to induce tears. Before the train departed he had eaten the entire onion. The young lady, perceiving the situation, remarked: "Ah, you have swallowed your grief!"—Harper's Weekly.